

ASSASSINATION OF CARTER HARRISON

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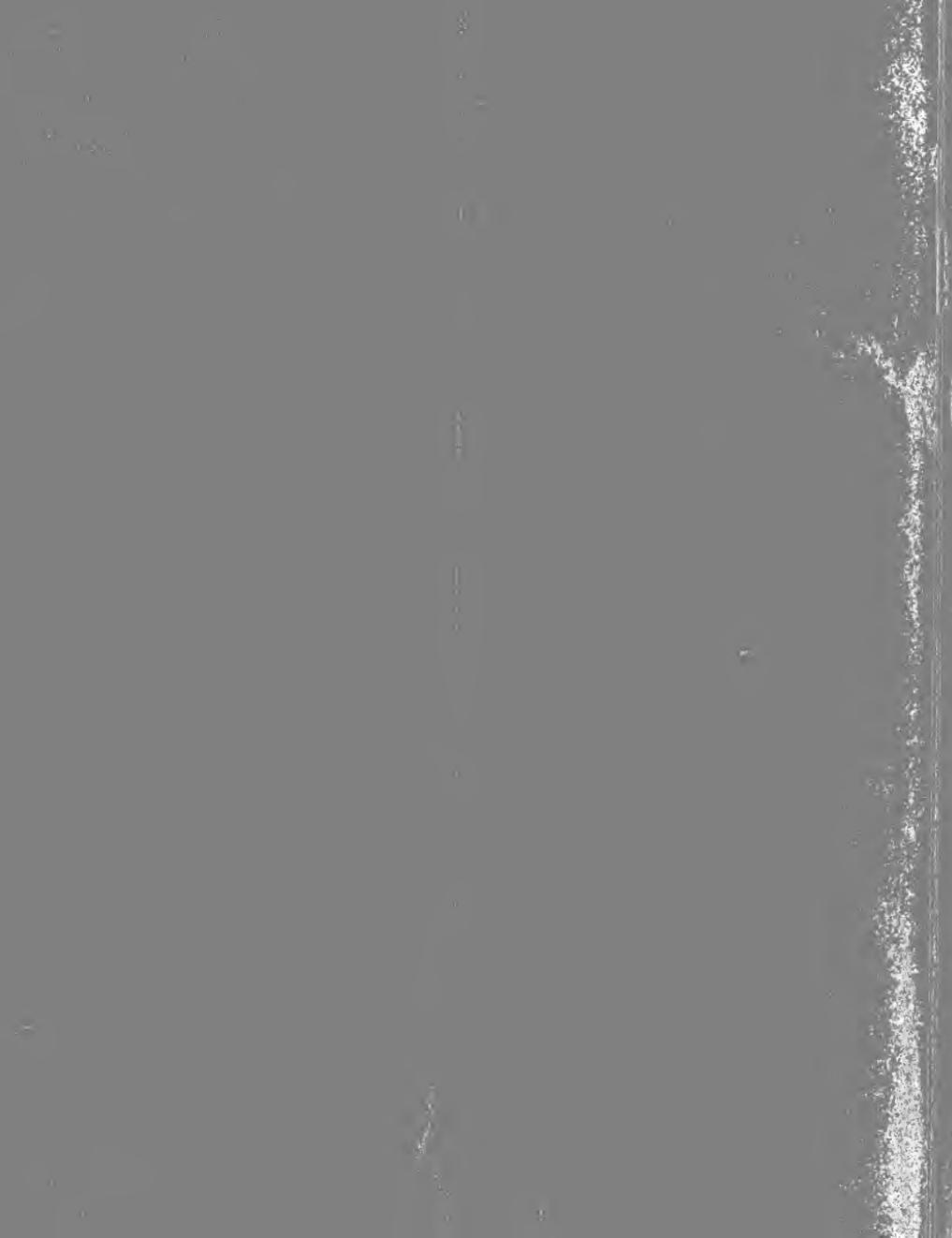
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CARTER HARRISON'S
ASSASSINATION

Giving a full account of his Tragic Death, with a
Detailed Synopsis of his Eventful Life.

COMPILED BY
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WITH AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTORY.

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INTRODUCTORY.

CARTER HENRY HARRISON is no more, save in memory. A cruel assassin took his life at a time when fair Fame upon him smiled her sweetest. As Mayor of the World's Fair City, together with his brilliant talents and past political achievements, he had won the admiration of the World. This little book is not a biography such as should do full justice to the memory of the late Mayor Harrison. Such a work will no doubt be published, but its inevitable high price will place it beyond the reach of the masses of the people. This brief compilation, which I have put into book form, contains all the main facts connected with the tragedy, and other information worthy of preservation. If this book shall reach the masses of the people and be preserved by them as a memento of the man who owed his great success to their loyal political support, then the author's desire shall be attained.

THE AUTHOR.

2010.360

Mayor Harrison Assassinated.

Carter H. Harrison, five times elected Mayor of the City of Chicago, was assassinated at his home on the night of October 28, 1893. The murderer, an alleged monomaniac, was P. Eugene Prendergast, a carrier of newspapers. The assassin stated at the police station, whither he had ran after committing the awful deed, that he had killed the Mayor because he had promised him the Corporation Counselship of Chicago and had failed to keep his word.

Mayor Harrison was to have been married to Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans, on the 5th of November, 1893.

ASSASSIN WAITED AT THE DOOR.

At 7:50 o'clock a man ran up the front steps of Mr. Harrison's residence, at No. 231 Ashland Avenue, and

rang the bell. Mary F. Hansen, the servant, answered the bell, and the man outside asked for Mr. Harrison. She said he would have to wait a moment, as Mr. Harrison was asleep on the sofa in the parlor, at the same time going back through the hall to call him, leaving the door open. In a moment Mr. Harrison stepped from the parlor into the hall. In an instant the man had drawn a revolver and fired, the shot entering the abdomen just above the navel. Two more shots rang out an instant later, the first of which entered the Mayor's body under the left arm, penetrating the heart. Mr. Harrison, when the first shot was fired, had started towards the door, and the second shot struck him when within a few feet of the assassin. Mr. Harrison was so close to the muzzle of the revolver when the third shot was fired that the bullet shattered one of the knuckles of the left hand and the powder burned the flesh.

EXCHANGE OF SHOTS.

Mr. Harrison's coachman, who was in the rear of the house when the first shot was fired, ran into the hall and fired three shots at the man as he started out of the front door. The murderer paused for an instant, turned about and fired a parting shot at the coachman. He

then ran down the front steps and passed rapidly north on Ashland Avenue.

Mayor Harrison, after the last shot was fired, stepped into the parlor and started towards the dining-room. He had taken but a few steps, however, when he reeled and fell into the butler's pantry, which led to the rear of the house. His son Preston, who was up-stairs at the time of the shooting, ran down and was at his father's side in an instant.

Mr. Harrison said: "I am shot, Preston, and can not live."

Preston hastily left his father's side and rushed out upon the street in pursuit of the assassin.

SHOT IN THE HEART.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chalmers, who live across the street, had started for the Harrison residence, as they heard the shots. They saw a man rushing up Ashland Avenue and met the son, Preston, in pursuit. Young Mr. Harrison stopped long enough to inform his neighbors of the terrible affair and then started on in pursuit of the murderer. Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers hastily entered the house, Mr. Chalmers at once making a

pillow of his overcoat, which he placed under Mr. Harrison's head.

"I have been shot and can not live," said the Mayor, as he gasped for breath.

"You won't die," said Mr. Chalmers, "you have only been shot in the abdomen."

"No, I have been shot in the heart, and I know I can not live," was the reply.

These were the last words of the Mayor. He immediately became unconscious and died at 8:27.

The murderer, pursued by the coachman, ran along Ashland Avenue toward Monroe street at a breakneck pace. Coming to Monroe street, he turned east and started for the city. The pursuer, who had been reinforced by an officer and several citizens, gained rapidly on their man. On they sped until Desplaines street was reached, when the hunted man again turned to the north and in a few moments had reached the Desplaines Street Police Station. He walked in and approached the Sergeant at the desk.

He was about to speak when the foremost of his pursuers rushed breathlessly into the Station. "Lock that man up," said the coachman, "he has killed Mayor Harrison."

In an instant the Sergeant was out from behind his desk, and catching hold of the man's arm, pulled him within the wire enclosure as though to preserve his life from a crowd which was gathering with astonishing rapidity.

GLAD HE SHOT HIM.

Without waiting to register the prisoner, he was quickly taken back and placed behind the bars. The Station was then cleared of the excited people and the Sergeant went for a talk with the prisoner.

"My name is Eugene Patrick Prendergast," he said in response to the first inquiry.

"Do you know that you have killed Mayor Harrison?" asked the Sergeant.

"Yes, and I am glad of it," was the answer. "He promised to give me the Corporation Counselship, and has not kept his word."

"Where do you live?"

"At No. 609 Jane street, with my mother," said the prisoner. This ended the interview.

The Sergeant at once telephoned the Central Station and in a few moments several officers from that District were at the Desplaines Street Station. A patrol was



SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY IN MAYOR HARRISON'S HOME

called a few minutes later and the prisoner was taken to the Central Station down town. Here another examination was held and the revolver which had been taken from the murderer at the Desplaines Street Station was given into the keeping of the officer in charge.

TO THE COUNTY JAIL.

Shortly after 11 o'clock the patrol was again brought into requisition for the purpose of conveying the prisoner to the county jail. The news that the murderer had been apprehended spread rapidly down town and when the officers emerged from the Station in the big county building they found the crowd of nearly 500 persons assembled about the entrance to, and the walk from the Station. The prisoner was instantly taken back into the Station and a consultation held. The officers, fearing violence to their prisoner from the crowd without, feared to make the trip, and asked for reinforcements. A detail of six officers was summoned and at 11:15 the prisoner, closely guarded, was brought out of the Station, hurried through the long passageway to the street and hustled into the wagon in a jiffy. The officers were barely seated before the wagon was in motion, and amid the mutterings of the crowd, was hurried off to the north side, where he was lodged in the County Jail for safe keeping.



CARTER HENRY HARRISON.

(From His Favorite Photograph)

Sketch of Harrison.

Carter H. Harrison was born in Fayette County, Kentucky, February 15, 1825. Richard A. Harrison, Cromwell's Lieutenant-General, who led Charles I. to the block, is his earliest ancestor preserved in the family archives. The name was conspicuous in Virginia during the colonial period, and Carter T. Harrison, his great grandfather, and his brother, Benjamin Harrison, the signer of the Declaration of Independence and father of President William Henry Harrison, enrolled in the annals of the infancy of the United States of America.

Early intermarriages linked the Harrison family with the Randolphs, Cabells and Carters—two prominent Virginia families. Through the former, Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph were near of kin, to the latter the Reeves of Virginia and the Breckinridges of Kentucky, Robert Carter Harrison, grandfather of our

subject, located in Kentucky in 1812. His father and grandfather were graduates of William and Mary College. When he was eight months old his father died, but the circumstances of the family was left in an unusually promising condition. When he was 15, Carter was placed under the scholastic care of Dr. Louis Marshall, brother of the Chief Justice and father of the famous Kentucky orator, Thomas T. Marshall. In 1845 he graduated from Yale College. He then studied law but did not practice. A short time leisurely spent on his father's farm, six miles from Lexington, preceded a trip to Europe in 1851, when he visited every part of England, Scotland and other parts of Europe and passed into Egypt and in company with Bayard Taylor, explored Syria and Asia Minor. Taylor's "Land of the Saracen" was the result of the tour.

CAME TO CHICAGO IN 1855.

In 1853 Mr. Harrison entered the Transylvania Law School at Lexington, and finished the course two years later. In 1855 he came to Chicago. Real estate transactions from that time forward engaged his attention aside from his political ventures. His political life began in 1871 when he was elected County Commissioner.

In 1872 he was nominated by the Democrats to Congress to represent a strongly Republican district, but was defeated. He reduced the Republican majority so greatly however, that he was again placed in the field and elected by a majority of eight votes. At the time he was put up he was traveling with his family in Germany, Austria, the Tyrol and Switzerland.

He at once came home to represent his district, but in 1875 went back, and after traveling through northern Europe, ended his trip in Paris. His family went to Germany and he came to Chicago only to be recalled by the death of his wife. While absent he was re-elected to Congress. In 1877 his name was first suggested for the Mayoralty and in April following he was elected by a majority of over 5,000, although the city had gone Republican the fall before by a majority of 7,800. In 1881 he was re-elected by a majority of 8,000, although the city went Republican the fall before by 8,000. In this campaign not only the press but the pulpit was opposed to him. In 1886 he was re-elected by an increased majority. In the fall of 1884, Mr. Harrison, in obedience to the peremptory demand of the Democratic party, was a candidate for Governor of the State of Illinois, but was defeated by Governor Oglesby, the State

being preponderatingly Republican. Mr. Harrison, however, succeeded in reducing the former majority of 40,000 to 14,500. In the spring of 1885 he was re-elected Mayor of Chicago. On March 1st, 1893, Mr. Harrison was again nominated as the candidate of the Democratic party for the Mayoralty. The campaign, previous to the nominating convention, was one of the most active in the political history of the city. It was said on every side that the World's Fair Mayor must be a representative man, identified with the growth of the city, and one who could fill a position which would require the entertainment of Foreign Princes and dignitaries with a becoming dignity. Three candidates presented themselves to the ranks of the Democratic party, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Creiger and Washington Hesing, and at the primaries there was a spirited contest. The convention which was called together on March 1st, was one of the largest ever held in Cook county, and some of its scenes were dramatic in the extreme. The contest in the convention was between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Hesing, and both of them sat side by side on the platform. After several hours, during which the wildest confusion reigned in the convention, and matters were obstructed to such a degree that no business could be

done, Mr. Heising withdrew his name and Mr. Harrison was made the unanimous choice of the assembly.

ELECTED WORLD'S FAIR MAYOR.

The campaign preceding the election was one of the most spirited in the political history of Cook county. Opposed to Mr. Harrison as the Republican candidate was Mr. Samuel W. Allerton, who had the support of every newspaper in the city with the exception of Mr. Harrison's own paper, *The Times*. Nothing daunted, however, by the confident prediction of the press that he stood not the ghost of a show for re-election, Mr. Harrison in his frank and hearty manner, went ahead with the management of his campaign, and by perfect organization, and by his presence night after night at political meetings, and by a vigorous protection of his interests through his own paper, *The Times*, Mr. Harrison surprised his opponents by beating Mr. Allerton by a plurality of over 20,000 votes. The result was all the more surprising because of the confident predictions which had been made that Mr. Allerton was the choice of Chicago's citizens and that Mr. Harrison's race for the Mayoralty did not meet with the sanction of the people.

Mr. Harrison's Engagement.

Had Carter H. Harrison lived for the brief period of two weeks longer, he would have taken unto himself a third wife in the person of Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans. It is less than two months since his engagement to the only daughter of the late Crescent City millionaire and king bee of the Louisiana lottery was made public. At first the report was received with incredulity, and even his closest friends were loth to believe that in view of his advanced years, and especially of his statements after the death of his second wife, that thereafter Chicago would be his only bride—that he contemplated again entering the matrimonial state. When questioned on the subject, the Mayor was at first inclined to be reticent and gave jocose and humorous replies to his interrogators, but finally when a concealment was no longer possible, he owned up to the soft impeachment with some light hearted dissertations on

the power of love, even over gray-headed men; and to some of his questioners, he put the pointed question as to whether they did not think he would make a pretty vigorous bride-groom for a man of his age. What this age was he would not definitely say, and some amusement was created among old residents by his suggestion that he had yet to round his sixtieth year.

THE WEDDING.

According to the plans so far as they had been made, it was supposed in the Mayor's inner circles that the wedding was to have been a decidedly swell affair. The invitations were to have run up into the thousands ranging from President and Mrs. Cleveland down to the governors of half a dozen States and the Mayors of a score of cities, whose intimate acquaintance Mayor Harrison had enjoyed for years. A special train had already been chartered for the accommodation of the distinguished bride-groom elect, the members of his family and his most intimate friends. This was the Mayor's share of the preparation. In New Orleans, according to letters received from friends of the bride-to be, in that city the preparations in her own behalf were on an equal

scale of grandeur, and altogether the event was expected not merely to dazzle high society of the Crecent City, but through regal accessories to say nothing of the official and social standing of the high contracting parties, to be a function of national interest. "But man proposes, and God disposes."

Remembered His Friends.

Mr. Harrison was a thorough believer in the creed that to the victor belongs the spoils. Behind every one of his appointments was always the assured fact that the appointee was an enthusiastic Harrison man. He did not leave minor appointments to the heads of departments. His influence was felt even down to the janitors for Chicago's city hall. His frequent remark was: "I am running this administration."

The treatment of two great municipal problems, gambling and the social evil, was typical of the man. He tolerated these places, but kept them under constant police supervision, on the French principle that these vices cannot be eradicated, and therefore it is better to have them so that the police can control them. Morally under this plan, Chicago was better than ever before. But besides this—and this was the great object in Har-

rison's mind—he remained on friendly terms with the gamblers and others of that ilk, and was always certain of their support at election time.

Harrison was probably the best of Chicago's long list of Mayors as far as the welfare of the city was concerned. He had the wisdom to see that a very necessary condition of political preferment was a clean political as well as business record.

Shrewdness was perhaps his most prominent characteristic. His business head showed itself in his purchase of Chicago real estate. He became a very rich man, largely by the appreciation of the value of property that he bought cheap years ago, but whose future value he saw before others did.

He was possessed of unlimited ambition ; he never knew when he was defeated. Indeed, in the last Mayoralty contest he succeeded simply because he refused to be beaten. The election was mainly a personal victory, due largely to his individual characteristics.

In 1890 he aspired to the Mayoralty again, but the Democratic convention refused to nominate him, so he bolted it. Not a newspaper in Chicago during this campaign had a good word to say for him. He ran on

an independent ticket, cut the Democratic vote squarely apart, and a Republican was elected Mayor with less than 2,000 votes to spare over Harrison, who had about 500 less than the regular Democratic nominee. That election was a lesson to Harrison, and he bought a newspaper, *The Times*. When the next Mayoralty battle came round, two years later, he obtained the nomination, and was supported by *The Times*. *The Tribune*, *Herald*, *Inter-Ocean*, *Post*, *News*, *Record* and *Journal* fought him bitterly, yet he defeated the combination by over 20,000 votes. He did it by his knowledge of Chicago politics and his long political experience, coupled with his pertinacity, his tact, his power of handling men, his personal magnetism, his political alliance, his attitude toward gambling, his newspaper and his money. The only weapons the other side had with which to fight him were newspapers and money, for the opposing candidate, Mr. Allerton had little to recommend him except his money and business experience.

RELATED TO EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.

Mr. Harrison was very proud of his relationship to ex-President Harrison; his grandfather and the ex-President's grandfather were brothers. Carter Harrison was

married in 1855 to Sophy Preston. She died in Europe in 1876. In 1882 he married Marguerite E. Stearns, who died in 1887.

Carter Harrison was a very well-read man and had a large amount of information at his finger tips. He was also a graceful writer, and had written several books of travel, the most successful of which was "A Race with the Sun," being an account of his travels in the far East. This book caused something of a literary sensation when it was published a few years ago.

Although a very rich man and fond of the elegancies of life, Mayor Harrison was accustomed on all occasions to refer to himself "as a man of the people." He was easily accessible, and his manner was bluff and hearty, making no discrimination of persons.

On the occasion of the visit of the Infanta Eulalie, when, as Mayor of the city, he was her official escort, he purchased and wore a silk hat—the first one, he took care, to announce, he had worn in twenty years.

In his official quarters at the City Hall, he maintained his character as "a man of the people." He forsook the private office where his predecessors were wont to seclude themselves, and was usually found seated at a

desk planted near the middle of the large reception room, where the political "boys" and other visitors could easily get at him.

During the warm days of summer he sat at his desk in his shirt sleeves, chatting indiscriminately with any visitor that chanced in the room. To the office-seekers and others who would try to button-hole him for a confidential talk, it was his wont to say, in a somewhat loud voice, that he had no secrets and that anybody who had anything to say to him should "speak up."

SYMPATHIZED WITH THE COMMON PEOPLE.

It was the custom of his enemies to refer to these habits as illustrations of his demagogery, but, whether they were demagogic or not, they were not assumed by Mr. Harrison as a conscious affectation. His sympathies were with the common people, and it was upon them that he always relied for such political success as he achieved. If he had a conviction in politics, it was that it is the votes that elect, and that, as he was accustomed to say in his speeches last year, "one vote is as good as another."

Mr. Harrison was one of those men who in public affairs had strong likes and dislikes. He made enemies,

as all public men do, but they seldom extended beyond his political circle. His friends were many, and like the true Kentuckian that he was, he was steadfast in his friendships. But even in the heat of a political campaign he was careful to avoid vindictiveness. He was never sensitive to newspaper criticism ; he accepted it as something which had to be borne, and he never flinched.



Mr. Harrison's Fiancee.

Mr. Harrison was to have been married on November 7th, 1893, to Miss Annie Howard, of New Orleans. She is the daughter of the late Charles T. Howard, who



was at one time one of the Lottery Kings at New Orleans, and who died about eight years ago, supposed to have been worth more than \$20,000,000.00. There were several children and Miss Howard's portion of the estate was estimated at \$3,000,000. She is 29 years old, and

in spite of the luxury in which she was brought up, is quiet and studious in her tastes and extremely adverse to

ostentation and not particularly partial to society. As a hostess, however, Miss Howard charmed all those who were fortunate enough to meet her within her own home circle.

Miss Howard's engagement to Carter Harrison was not a long one. They met last spring when she came from New Orleans to visit Carter H. Harrison, Jr., who was an old school friend of hers.

Miss Howard, after her visit to Carter Harrison, Jr., concluded to remain in Chicago, and with that idea in mind she rented a house at No. 3685 Ellis avenue, not far from the home of Chief Justice Fuller, and fully six miles from the home of her fiance.

A great grief came into Miss Howard's life about eight years ago, which came near making her an invalid for life. Her father met his death in a very mysterious manner, presumably a fall from a horse. Mr. Howard had purchased a fine animal for his daughter, and concluded it would be safer for him to try it, and see if it was gentle enough for her to ride.

TRAGIC DEATH OF HER FATHER.

He rode several miles alone and when next seen he was in the act of walking up to the door of his

house apparently in great pain. He staggered as he reached the door, but was carried inside by the servants and laid on a sofa. He was unable to speak, however, and died within a few hours. The accident which caused Mr. Howard's death occurred at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson, where he had a handsome summer residence.

The tragic and sudden death of her father came as so great a shock to Miss Howard that she became a victim of nervous prostration and was unable to leave her bed for more than a year. After consulting many of the specialists in this country, Miss Howard went to London for treatment, where she rapidly got better. Since then she has been in the best of health.

During her long invalidism Miss Howard was not idle, but devoted herself and her fortune to charitable work, with the result that her name is a household word in her native city of New Orleans, where she erected the Howard Memorial Library at a cost of \$200,000. It contains more than 23,000 books, and was erected by the daughter through a desire to carry out the expressed wish of her father. She also gave liberally to many organizations of women and to the St. Paul's Episcopal church of New Orleans, of which church she is a member.



CARTER HARRISON'S LAST ADDRESS.

Harrison's Last Public Words.

Standing on the platform by the side of the Columbian Liberty Bell, his left hand grasping the red, white and blue cord with which he sent the clear notes ringing out on the crisp and frosty air, Carter H. Harrison made the last speech that ever fell from his lips on Saturday, October 28, 1893. It was at high noon, just as Old Sol had reached the zenith and his yellow rays fell gratefully on the assembled Mayors from almost all the prominent Cities in the union, who stood in mufflers and wraps of all kinds and braved the cold, biting winds that blew from the lake.

It was a brief speech that the Mayor made, but those who heard the words that fell so spontaneously from his lips, say that never had he been so eloquent, so poetical, so brimming over with happy allusions and sparkling epigram. The speech was not preserved save

in the memory of those present. They will never forget it nor the tragic event which followed in so short a time afterward.

It is a strange coincidence that Carter Harrison's last speech should have been at the Liberty Bell, where on previous occasions, he had delivered probably the two greatest speeches in all his long and eventful career. Mr. Harrison had been invited to deliver the farewell message to the White City, which he did in the morning of October 28th. After this address he was to bid godspeed to the Liberty Bell.

At noon Saturday the bell was to peal out its clarion message of liberty in honor of the visiting heads of the American cities. Aldermen Madden and Kerr, the committee on arrangements, had been delegated to pull the tri-colored cord that was to set the bell ringing. Twelve o'clock came, but Alderman Madden had not arrived. The party stood expectantly around the platform awaiting patiently his arrival. They stamped their feet upon the hard ground to keep warm, but despite the exercise nearly everyone in the party carried a red nose and blue lips as proof of what Old Boreas and his imps can do when they are in earnest.

Mayor Harrison was the jolliest person in all that vast crowd. He seemed to be in particularly buoyant spirits and laughed and joked with his brother Mayors. So infectious were his jollity and good natured banterings that the entire party caught the spirit, and it was remarked more than once that the gathering was more like a party of school boys on a picnic than an assemblage of the most distinguished heads of the greatest American cities.

RANG THE LIBERTY BELL.

After waiting about ten minutes, as Alderman Madden had not put in an appearance, Mayor Harrison, turning to his associates, held up his hand, and in a cheery voice, full of enthusiasm, shouted: "Why can't we all ring the Liberty Bell?"

The effect was magical. The crowd caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and rushed pell mell toward the oak scaffolding where hung the bell. The Mayor and Alderman Kerr lead them. Following close on their heels were Mayor Bemis, of Omaha, Mayor Stewart, of Philadelphia, and Mayor Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans.

Before the ringing of the bell, however, Mayor Harrison made his last speech upon earth. Standing on the bell-frame, the crisp wind waving his grizzled locks, he uttered such sentiments as were fitting to the occasion. He spoke eloquently of the message of the bell and of the trip which it will make around the world. The audience were charmed with the flow of oratory and, in conclusion, as he bid the bell "God Speed," they burst into a storm of cheers.

As the Mayor concluded he pulled the cord and the glad notes rang out on the air. All of the visiting Mayors lent a hand in the ringing of the bell. After the last note had trembled away the Mayor cut the red, white and blue cord into bits, presented each Mayor with a memento, and divided the remainder among the ladies and children present. The gay party then dispersed. Little did they dream, as they joked and chatted, what the night would bring forth.

The Inquest.

The post-mortem examination of the body of Carter H. Harrison by Drs. L. J. Mitchell and R. L. Hektoeh showed that the assassin Prendergast had fired four bullets into the Mayor. The report in detail, as made by Dr. Mitchell to the Coronor, was as follows:

“I found five wound openings on the body, such as are usually made by bullets.”

“No. 1 passed through the left hand, breaking the bone of the little finger, and came out in the palm, forming wound No. 2.”

“No. 3 was in the middle line, about five inches above the navel, passed once through the bowels and lodged in the muscles of the back. Here a leaden bullet was found.”

“No. 4 wound was three inches below and to the right of the right nipple, passed through the right tenth rib and liver, and a leaden bullet was found in the bowels.”

"No. 5 wound was just below and in front of the right shoulder, and passed down under the skin about four inches. Here a third leaden bullet was found. There was a considerable quantity of blood in the right chest, and in the abdomen. I conclude that Carter H. Harrison came to his death from shock and hemorrhage following the above bullet wounds."

THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY.

Mary Hanson, the domestic who let Prendergastin to the Harrison household told the story of the tragedy to the coroner's jury. She said Prendergast had come to the door about 7:30 Saturday night and asked for Mr. Harrison.

"What name shall I give?" asked the girl.

"A city official," was the reply. The girl said she had orders to receive every one who wanted to see the Mayor, and she admitted him.

Mayor Harrison left the table and advanced from the dinning room into the hall. The murderer, who was fully twenty feet distant, raised his weapon and fired without saying a word. Three shots were fired so closely together as to sound like one explosion. Members of the family in the house, the servants and neighbors

heard the reports, and within an increditable short time the dying man was surrounded ; not soon enough to capture the assassin, however, who had stood at the main entrance of the hall and did not pursue his victim when he saw the result of his deadly work.

William Preston Harrison, who was in his room on an upper floor, heard the shots, turned in a call on a police alarm box, and hurried down to learn the cause of the disturbance. The coachman, who had heard the triple report, came promptly to the rescue and fired several shots at the retreating form of the assassin, but without result.

Stunned by the shock, Mayor Harrison went back to the dining-room he had just left and evidently attempted to reach his chamber by a rear stairway, as he passed into the butler's pantry. There his strength failed him and he sank to the floor. It was there he was found by W. J. Chalmers, who lived across the street on Ashland boulevard.

Mr. Chalmers too, had heard the sound of the revolver, and saw the murderer running away. Hastening to the Harrison mansion he found the front door open and entered. Proceeding into the dining-room he

saw through the open door Mr. Harrison lying on the floor of the pantry.

"This is death, Chalmers," said Mr. Harrison, "I am shot through the heart."

Making a hasty examination, Mr. Chalmers said, "you are mistaken, Mr. Harrison. You are shot in the stomach."

"No, through the heart, I tell you," said the dying man, with a return of his customary vigor, and then relapsed into a state of semi-unconsciousness.

Mr. Harrison asked to see his sons and daughters, said he knew he was going to die, but made no further statements concerning the assault.

Within a few minutes after the shots were fired Dr. Foster, who had been summoned, arrived, and almost simultaneously came Drs. Lyman, Washburn and Thomas. There was nothing to be done. The assassin's bullet had accomplished its purpose. Death had already glazed the eye of the victim, and medical science was useless.

Death came quickly and apparently without great pain to the victim. His breath came in shorter gasps, until at the end the respirations were like those of a

little child—faint and gentle, with neither convulsion nor a struggle. The end came as peacefully as one might expect at the passing away of a baby.

Wm. Preston Harrison, the Mayor's son, also told the jury what he knew of the tragedy. "Father came home from the Fair tired, but in rare good humor," he said. "I had never seen him in better spirits. We lingered at dinner longer than usual, and as I had an engagement, I left him and went up stairs. I had been there but a few minutes—I think it was about 7:30 o'clock—when I heard a noise that sounded like a falling window. Startled, I waited a moment, thinking the noise came from the street. When the second shot came I turned in an alarm on the police call and ran down stairs. By this time the third shot had been fired. I was then on the main floor, heard the shots fired at the retreating assassin by the coachman, and in a moment Mr. Chalmers was with me, assisting me to raise father into a comfortable position."

"I heard him say, 'This is death,' but even then I did not realize that the result could be fatal. Then the doctors came and the crowds—and then the end."

Sergeant McDonald testified that Prendergast had

come into the station about eight o'clock Saturday night and confessed having shot Mr. Harrison, saying he had done it because the Mayor had broken faith with him in not appointing him Corporation Counsel. Several other witnesses were examined, and Prendergast was asked if he had anything to say. He refused to answer.

The verdict was that Mr. Harrison had died from shock and hemorrhage caused by the bullets fired by Patrick Eugene Prendergast.



Prendergast in Jail.

The only touch of feeling manifested by Prendergast since the crime was committed was during the inquest. Mrs. W. J. Calmers, who lived across the street from the Mayor's home, was in the room when the inquest was being held. Prendergast's attention was attracted to her, and leaning toward Lieut. Haas, he said:

"Is that Mrs. Harrison?"

"No," replied the officer, "It is not. Why did you ask."

"I wanted to tell her," replied Pendergast, "that I am sorry for her trouble."

When taken to the jail Prendergast, seemed absolutely indifferent to his surroundings and situation. A very complete search was made of his clothing at the jail, but nothing was found excepting \$1 in money. While the formality of delivering the prisoner to the

jail authorities was in progress Prendergast occupied himself in lacing up his shoes, which had been removed for the purpose of searching him. He was then conducted to cell 11. It was occupied at the time by Jung Jack Lin, the Chinese who is under life sentence for the murder of his cousin and another Chinese named Tom Long, awaiting trial for larceny. The Chinese were transferred and Prendergast locked up.

IN A HISTORIC CELL.

No. 11 is an historic cell, being the one that contained Lingg, the anarchist, when he committed suicide. Dr. Scudder was also an occupant when he caused his own death by taking morphine.

While the cell was being examined, Prendergast sat down on a bench in the cage. He brightened up and entered into a conversation with Clerk Price. He did not, however, seem inclined to talk about his crime, but asked to see the papers. Parts of the Sunday papers were handed him, but none of them the local news sheets. Prendergast quickly noticed this and asked for the account of the murder. This was handed him and he read down the columns in an apparently mechanical manner. Then he dropped the papers and said: "I did

my duty," repeating this sentence several times. He then relapsed into silence and would say nothing more. After entering the cell he threw himself upon the bed, clasping his hand behind his head. Clerk Price then sent to the jail kitchen and ordered dinner for Prendergast, as he had expressed himself to be hungry. The regular jail dinner was brought to him, consisting of soup, roast beef and vegetables. Prendergast ate everything that was given him and then lit a cigar and was inclined to talk.

"I am very tired," he said, "having been bothered by so many people today. I feel greatly relieved, as a great strain is off my mind. I have done my duty and I think the majority of people when they know this will be on my side. I shall get out clear. I do not mind the physical confinement at all and my mind is now clear."

"What was your reason for killing the Mayor?" was asked.

Prendergast replied emphatically: "I was to have had the position of Corporation Counsel, but he played false to me, and I only did right in killing him. I did not know that I had fired three shots at him until I read it in the papers. I was of the impression that I had only fired twice. I fired another shot as I went away to

prevent any one following me, as I expected a large crowd would follow me."

"Did Mr. Harrison say anything to you when you met him in the house?"

Prendergast replied: "No; I drew my revolver and fired. After the first shot Mr. Harrison shouted 'murder,' but I did not hear him say anything else. I ran away pretty quickly, and caught a street car."

Here Prendergast declared he was tired, and would not talk any more.



Promised to Kill the Mayor.

Developments go far toward indicating that Prendergast had murder in his heart for several days. One afternoon he entered Billy Boyle's chop house on Calhoon place and took a seat at a table occupied by W. A. S. Graham, the murdered Mayor's secretary, and another gentleman well-known in financial circles.

Graham, who was acquainted with Prendergast, introduced him to his friend and both gentlemen noticed that the new comer was laboring under intense excitement. Presently, without any remarks being exchanged to lay a foundation for what was coming, Prendergast burst into a bitter denunciation of the Mayor for what he declared was the latter's opposition to the elevation of the surface railroad tracks. This was a subject that has long been agitated in local politics and one to which public sentiment has frequently been expressed with emphasis.



PATRICK EUGENE PRENDERGAST. THE ASSASSIN.

"If he don't elevate the tracks I will kill him."

"I will shoot him dead," ejaculated Prendergast, bringing his fist down on the table with a force that made the dishes rattle and attract the attention of the other patrons of the place. The gentlemen addressed simply smiled at him, attributing the strong language to the excitement under which he was laboring. Observing this, he again ejaculated, this time with still greater vehemence, "Yes, I will kill him; mark what I say. Unless he does it he is a dead man."

Not imagining for a moment that Prendergast cherished any murder in his heart, Secretary Graham adroitly changed the subject, and the man's excitement gradually subsided, and when he left the place he had apparently forgotten what he had said in the heat of passion a few moments before. Neither of the gentlemen thought any more of the subject and Secretary Graham regarded it as so trivial. As far as is known he did not mention the subject to his chief.

A SINGLE TAX ADVOCATE.

Speaking of Prendergrast, Joseph Gruenhut, the city labor statistician said: "I knew Prendergrast well. He was a crank if their ever was one. He was also a

single tax advocate and frequently came into labor meetings to advance his opinions. Whenever he spoke he would preface his remarks by saying: "My name is Prendergast." He would stop people on the streets to endeavor to convert them.

He never belonged to a labor organization. He was as well known to George Schilling as to myself and we had frequently talked about him and had both expressed the fear that he might do something rash."

Corporation Counsel Kraus says that once Prendergast entered his office and demanded the keys of the desk, saying that he had been sent by Mayor Harrison to take possession. Secretary Dickson saw that Prendergast had one hand in his pocket and he signaled to Mr. Kraus to be careful. The Corporation Counsel said to Prendergast: Of course I am ready to give possession, but as a favor I would like to stay here to finish some very important business."

"That's all right, Mr., Kraus," replied Prendergast: "don't hurry, any time will do."

"Meanwhile," added Mr. Kraus, "let me introduce you to the other gentlemen in the office."

This delighted Prendergast, and after he had shaken hands all round he left in the best of temper.

Burial of Carter Harrison.

The last popular outpouring in honor of Carter H. Harrison was the greatest of all. It revealed something of the hold which he had upon the people who live in Chicago. The overwhelming testimonial had no tinge of politics. It was an observance of and by the citizens representing all beliefs and all stations.

The funeral filled the entire day. It overshadowed every other incident of the day's life. It blocked wide streets for mile upon mile. It mustered out a great army which was half military and half civic. It stopped the traffic in the streets, brought business to a standstill and realized to the fullest extent the ambition of the man who had passed away. He had said that it was his desire to carry with him to the grave the respect and admiration of his fellow citizens. His desire was fulfilled. The honors awaiting him, had he been spared the cruel assassination, could not have compared with those offered.

Those who had fought with him and those who had fought against him in the strife for political supremacy marched under one-furled flag and wore the same badge of mourning.

The funeral cortege reached its giant length half-way across the great city and moved slowly between black, immovable banks of hushed people. Around the city hall a multitude, along each street two deep fringes of humanity, roofs and windows crowded everywhere and the long winding march through the west and north divisions hemmed in at every foot by close walls of spectators.

The scenes around the catafalco in the early morning, the incident of the tedious march, the massing of thousands of people around the church in Ashland avenue and the movement of the multitude toward the cemetery make up a day which must become memorable, inasmuch as such tributes were never before paid to the mortal remains of any citizen of Chicago. The streets had the jam and hurry of a great holiday without any of the noise and disorder. From the time the black and gold hearse drew away from the shadows of the draped city hall in the morning until it entered the green shades of Groveland cemetery at early dark, it made its

way between lines of respectful people, nearly everyone whom had seen Carter Harrison in life, had heard him speak and, therefore, felt something of personal interest in the monster ceremonies. They recognized the riderless horse as the one on which he had galloped over the boulevards, when even the children knew him and pointed him out. They recalled many of the confidential things he had told his audiences, of how long he expected to live and how he hoped to be remembered. It seemed that every one had known Carter Harrison.



Tributes of Respect.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Oct. 29.—Ex-Govenor Joseph W. Fifer, when asked what he had to say upon the death of Mayor Harrison, said:

I have known Carter Harrison many years by reputation and during the past five years I became personally acquainted with him and since that time had known him quite well. He had been closely identified with the interests of Chicago and the State for more than twenty-five years. He was a man of kind heart and a generous disposition and he exerted a greater influence over all classes and nationalities than any man I ever knew. He had many warm personal friends, and he deserved them well. He had executive ability of high order and held many positions of high trust, and I believe his honesty and integrity were never questioned. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens and his death will be universally mourned by the people of Illinois without regard to party. He held a high place in the councils of his party and stood a better chance for the United States Senate than any other democrat. In my judgment he occupied a place and wielded an influence in the party in which it will be impossible, for the present at least, to fill.

Politically speaking, the democratic party of Illinois could not have sustained so great a loss in the death of of any other man. The manner and time of his death render his tragic taking off peculiarly distressing to his family, his friends and the public. It would seem that Prendergast, the assassin, was a crazy man or a crank. This class of people are far more numerous than the general public may suspect, as every one who has held high office can testify. Acting under the influence of some fancied wrong, they become dangerous to all those who dispense patronage or favors. They may not be insane to the extent of being sent to an insane asylum, and yet they are more dangerous than the vast majority of inmates confined in such places. I believe there should be some amendment to our laws whereby such person could be restrained by being placed in confinement, whereby they can work no injury.

INDIANAPOLIS, October 28, 1893:

Mrs. Heaton Wolsey:—My daughter, Mrs. McKee, joins with me in offering to you and to the family the fullest sympathy of our hearts in your appalling sorrow.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

To William Preston Harrison, Chicago:—I tender to the surviving members of your father's family sincere sympathy in their great sorrow.

W. Q. GRESHAM.

To W. P. and C. H. Harrison, Chicago:—I beg to extend my profound sympathies in your great bereavement. No words of mine can express my sorrow. Please advise me what day the funeral will occur. Will attend if possible.

A. E. STEVENS.

From Don M. Dickinson came the following telegram to Carter Harrison, Jr.:

The whole country and the world at large had come to know and

appreciate the noble and manly character of your distinguished father, and mourn with you. I, who knew him personally, and valued his friendship and his council in public affairs, had for him, for his learning, his ability and his sturdy Americanism, a profound admiration and respect, and I tender to you and the family the heartfelt expression of my grief and sympathy.

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, October 29, 1893.

Dear Mr. Harrison:—I trust you will allow me as a friend—through his sweet courtesy to me—of your dear father, to express the deep sympathy which I feel with you all in your terrible affliction. We are all aghast at the terrible tragedy which has deprived you of father and the country of such a citizen, believe me to be sincere and sorrowfully yours,

HENRY IRVING.

I sympathize with you in your terrible affliction and hope that you and yours may be given strength to bear up under it.

JOHN R. WALSH.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Octocer 29, 1893.

A pretty story has been told concerning a visit made to Burlington by Mayor Harrison. He remained over one night enroute home from a western trip. It was, as stated, shortly after the death of his first wife. A number of Burlington citizens and politicians learned that Mr. Harrison was in the city and made arrangements to give him a reception. Mr. Harrison, however, objected, stating that he did not desire it. Said he: "The loved one whom I so recently lost once lived on those beautiful hills of your city. I do not care to mark my visit here by a round of merrymaking. I thank you very much." It is farther said that Mr. Harrison made a journey to a certain old tree on one of the hills of Burlington, where it is said that he and his first wife held their trysts in the happy summer evenings of courtship.

ROCKFORD, Ill., October 29, 1893.

The announcement of the cruel taking off of Carter Harrison created the most intense excitement here. The assassination was alluded to by the pastors of the several churches in their sermons, and

all day long knots of people assembled on the streets and the public resorts and discussed the great crime. Not since Guiteau's bullet ended Garfield's existence has this city been so profoundly stirred. Mayor Harrison had frequently delivered political addresses here and was therefore well acquainted with the leading men of both parties as well as the business community. Rev. Dr. Barrows says he considered Mr. Harrison a typical son of Chicago, as he was restless, active, aggressive and inordinately ambitious. He did much for Chicago and the fair, and it is conspicuously regrettable that he could not have lived to see the end of the great undertaking. Rev. Dr. Kerr was so depressed at the shocking news that it was with difficulty he finished his sermon. He paid a marked tribute to the dead Mayor, whom he pronounced one of the builders of the mighty west.

LONDON, October, 31, 1893.

The representative of the United Press to-day had an interview with Michael Davitt, the Irish leader, on the subject of the assassination of Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago. Mr. Davitt said that he knew Carter Harrison intimately. He was an uncompromising friend of the Irish cause. His tragic end, Mr. Davitt added, would be deeply mourned by Irish-Americans. In speaking of Mr. Harrison's abilities, Mr. Davitt said that he was the greatest administrator of citizens' affairs who had ever presided over the municipal council of Chicago. Among other things he had succeeded in enormously increasing the financial credit of the city. According to Mr. Davitt, Mr. Harrison might possibly have been, had he lived, a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Letters Sent by Prendergast.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 29—Prendergast's bullets which took the life of Mayor Carter Harrison might have found lodgment in the heart of a United States Senator, or even the President of the United States. For full two weeks before the murder, the assassin had been directing messages through the mails to at least one United States Senator which indicated that his mind was wrought up intensely against President Cleveland. The burden of all these communications was the silver question, and Prendergast disclosed that he was a devoted of silver, even to the point of showing and unbalanced mind.

The letters came to Senator Dubois, of Idaho, who has been the nominal leader of the silver forces in the Senate during the last month. The first letter caine about October 9, and since then a morning has not passed without the receipt of a letter from Prendergast.

They came at the same time each day, indicating that the writer was pursuing a regular daily course and was writing in response to an impulse. The Senator's custom is to have all his mail pass through the hands of his private secretary, Mr. Borlan, who sorts out the important letters to receive the immediate attention of the Senator.

Following are some of the letters:

OCTOBER 21, 1893.

Dear Sir:—I think that Grover Cleveland has met with the same fate that John L. Sulivan did at the hands of J. J. Corbett lately. There is no possibility that repeal can come unless some infamous, unconstitutional or unusual practice is resorted to, and if cloture is adopted it is resorted to at the risk of our national peace, and none but enemies of the government will consent to such dishonorable methods to choke the popular voice. Unless cloture, there is no possibility that repeal will come, and if there is any way of overwhelming cloture repeal cannot come. Yours Sincerely,

P. EUGENE JOS PRENDERGAST.

OCTOBER 22, 1893.

Dear Hon. Sir:—The cause of unconstitutional repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman act is not hopeless unless the Senator from New York and the Senator from Indiana can obtain a sufficient number of signatures or pledges to a resolution for a cloture. I do not think that any of the honorable Senators among your opponents will sustain or support any such dishonorable or infamous cause. Therefore those who contend for silver need not accept nor consider any compromise unless the Senators from New York and Indiana succeed. If they cannot find a sufficient number to indorse cloture, silver is safe, and I do not think they can recover. The president is defeated and would cover his retreat with compromise. P. E. J. PRENDERGAST.

Next day Senator Dubois received the following:

My Dear Honorable Sir:—If your opponents in this present struggle resort to cloture as a last resort, and you cannot find any way by which cloture can be defeated, only then need you accept compromise as the next best thing to the unconditional repeal of the purchase clause. I think yourself and honorable colleagues can find some way of defeating cloture if you are not lacking the necessary courage. Cloture would endanger our national peace. E. P. J. PRENDERGAST.

Another communication bears the date of October 24, 1893, and is as follows:

My Dear Sir:—As the silverites are firm, strong and patient and full of fight and hold out till the last they can win beyond a doubt. Your opponents are conspiring and will conspire. The president has not given one single good reason why repeal should take place. It is simply the whim of Grover Cleveland. Is the Senate of the United States going to yield up and sacrifice the people to the whim of an irresponsible executive? Your opponents dare not attempt cloture and if they do the infamy will rest upon themselves. Repeal is impossible without cloture and your opponents must surrender. If you do not be a victim to their artifices look for their coup detat. Sincerely; P. E. J. PRENDERGAST.

The foregoing communications show what close track Prendergast kept of every move of the Senate for the facts he states concerning the purpose of the different elements are closely in line with the plans discussed in the Senate on the days his letters were written. It is noticeable that the date of each communication is one day earlier than the stamp mark of the Chicago post-office, showing that in each case Prendergast held his letter over night.

Grief at the Capitol.

WASHINGTON, October 29, 1893.

The assassination of Mayor Harrison was the subject of universal comment in the Capitol City, and expressions of deep regret at the tragedy were heard on every side. Mr. Harrison was personally known to many of the older members of congress, having served with some of them in the house sixteen years ago. That was when Samuel J. Randall was speaker, and there were in the house such men as James G. Blaine, Nathaniel P. Banks, "Sunset" Cox, James A. Garfield, Ben Hill, Abram S. Hewitt, J. Randolph Tucker, George W. McCreary, J. Proctor Knott, John A. Kasson, Fernando Wood, L. Q. C. Lamar, Henry Watterson and Erastus Wells. Senators Blackburn, Hale, Frye, Wilson, Hunton and Vance were then members of the House, and in the Illinois delegation with Mr. Harrison were Joseph G. Cannon, John R. Eden, Col. Wm. R. Morrison, W.

A. J. Sparks, Scott Wike, Greenbury L. Fort, Stephen A. Hurlbut, General Thomas A. Henderson, J. V. Farwell, William Springer and Adlai E. Stevenson.

Those who are still there in public service, remember Mr. Harrison as a member of congress, who in only two terms acquired notional prominence and impressed himself upon the legislation that was then enacted. Vigorous, aggressive, genial with his associates and courteous to his opponents, an easy talker and a good debater, he promptly became perhaps the most conspicuous member of the delegation.

SOME OF HIS WORK IN CONGRESS.

He early attracted national reputation by the introduction and advocacy of a bill to extend the term of the Presidency from four to six years and to limit that official to one term. He added to his reputation for effective oratory by his speeches in behalf of Indian rights, and a speech which he made in relation to the United States Marine Band provoked quite as much laughter and attracted almost as much attention as Proctor Knott's famous speech on the city of Duluth. Mr. Harrison's speech upon this occasion, it is said, was the means of continuing the appropriation for the Marine

Band and thus saving that musical organization from dissolution. During his service in the house he was most active in support of the amnesty measures growing out of the war of the rebellion. He earnestly supported the bill carrying an appropriation for the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition and was one of the most prominent champions of the measure from west of the Alleghanies.

The measure which drew attention to Mr. Harrison was a bill to amend the election law so as to require the vote for congressmen to be cast in a separate ballot, his argument being that the congressional ticket ought to be free from the influence of the local ticket, and a congressman would thus be rendered more independent. All of these points in Mr. Harrison's public service here are now recalled by his old associates.

Mr. Cleveland had known Mr. Harrison since the beginning of his first term as President. They had met on several official occasions, the last time at the opening of the World's Fair, when Mayor Harrison, as the official representative of the City of Chicago, received the President and extended to him the usual courtesies. The association was never intimate or anything more than a mere acquaintanceship. It is said that Mr. Harrison

never asked the President for any political favors, except the appointment of ex-Congressman Frank Lawler as Postmaster at Chicago. President Cleveland, however, for reasons best known to himself, has given that appointment to Mr. Washington Hesing.

VIEWS OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

Vice-President Adlai Stevenson, who served with Mr. Harrison in the House during the Forty-Fourth Congress, was one of his personal friends and admirers. "I was most deeply shocked to hear of the tragedy," said the Vice-President, "and no one can deplore more than I do his untimely taking off. The horror of the tragedy is appalling. He was an able man, an eloquent advocate of the people's rights and a sincere friend. The influence of his counsels in the party to which he belonged will be missed, for he was a wise counselor, an earnest partisan and a thorough American patriot."

Mr. Aldrich, the representative from the first Chicago district, said: "The news of Mr. Harrison's death and the tragic manner of it came to me, as it would to any citizen of Chicago, as a great shock, the result of a monstrous crime. The first thought of those who are

not familiar with the city would, perhaps, be that it was the result of another Anarchistic outbreak, but this, in my opinion, is not true. I think the feeling throughout the country that Anarchy is deep-rooted in Chicago is overdrawn. There is not so much of it there as is popularly supposed in other cities. A large proportion of our population is foreign, it is true, and the Haymarket incident led people to magnify the conditions. I do not believe there is very much difference between Chicago and any other large city. Mr. Harrison was a peculiarly popular man in Chicago with the masses and was the best campaigner I ever knew. He was a man of vigorous constitution, of great energy and force of character."

"Rest on embalmed and honored dead,
Great was the life yon gave;
No impious footsteps e'er shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your memory be forgot,
While Fame her record keeps;
Or Glory points the hallow'd spot
Where Genius proudly sleeps."



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